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Extract From a Lecture on a 'Young Man's Books.'

(By Rev. James Stalker, D.D.,

Sometimes I think that reading is a kind of disease. In this age of popular education many possess the power of reading without knowing how to use it; and, making use of it to excess and without method, they do themselves more harm than good.

There is real danger of so over-loading the mind with the thoughts of others that it will have no thoughts of its own; and we cannot be too reminded that the most valuable service which the thoughts of others can do, is to make us think our own. One thought struck out of the substance of our own mind, is worth ten imbibed from the minds of others.

THE REV. DR. STALKER, A GREAT FRIEND OF Y.M.C.A'S.

Books are of three kinds. The first class of books are those which minister to instruction. These deal with the actual. They inform us of the facts of the world in which we live. They are apt to be dry; yet they are indispensable; and our reading will not do us much good unless it includes a fair proportion of them. He is a happy man who has trained himself to read literature of this kind without fatigue.

Such books are the foundation stones of culture. Foundation stones are solid and massive; they may be without form or comeliness.

Everyone should try to have a specialty in his reading. However many may be the subjects about which he knows something, let there be one about which he knows everything. Let him be pointed out as the man who knows such-and-such a subject. Such a specialty is like a well, dug on one's property; it is always filling; the streamlets and runnels all find their way into it; till at last it becomes a fountain of living water, spreading freshness over the whole landscape.

The second class of books consists of those which minister to delight. Books of the class first mentioned deal with the actual, but these deal with the ideal. They do not supply facts about the world in which we live, but create an ideal world into which they transport the delighted reader. They are productions of the imagination; and the imagination is a faculty by which man takes the actual world to pieces and reconstructs it on a plan of his own, expanding here, contracting there, and embellishing everywhere.

I have said that the poets hold the keys of this romantic world; but in our day the novelists may still more truly be said to do so; for fiction is by far the most popular form of literature. It used to be a question with serious and Christian people whether books of this kind should be read at all; and at this no one will wonder who knows anything of the fiction of last century. But, by the bounty of Heaven there have appeared in our literature, names of the greatest note which have put an entirely different complexion on the subject. The advice that ought to be given now to the young is not to abstain altogether, but to read only the best. If authors like Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, and George Eliot are read, there will be formed a taste for which inferior and worthless productions of this class will have no attraction. And with these names it is a pleasure to associate the members of the Scottish School of our own day—men and women who are doing a great work for their fellow-creatures by elevating the standard in this branch of literature.

The third class of books consists of those which minister to aspiration. I have mentioned books of one class which deal with the actual; and of another which deal with the ideal; but the books of this third class deal with what is at the same time both actual and ideal. This is the character of morality and religion. Morality is actual—man has a moral nature—but, at the same time, it is ideal, for man has to aim at a perfection which he has not attained. Religion, too, is actual—man knows intuitively that God exists.

Of course the supreme book in this department is the Bible. Some may think that it ought hardly to be mentioned in the same breath with other books; but one advantage of doing so is that the opportunity is afforded of saying that it should be read like other books. When you read an ordinary book, you do not read a few lines only at a time, but you read the book through from end to end. So the books of the Bible ought to be read. The practice —of reading a chapter once or twice a day is, indeed, an invaluable one: but, if, in addition, you would now and then—say, in the quietness of a Sabbath evening—read an entire book at a stretch, it would give you a new conception of the Bible: you would find that each book is a great discussion of a great subject; and the single chapters and verses would assume entirely new shapes in the light of the whole.—'Y. M. C. A. Bee-Hive.'

Buonasera, and How he was Won.

(By H. B. Gibbud, Springfield, Mass.)

It was when I was Superintendent of the Florence Mission in New York.

It was customary for me, just before the service, to stand at the door and invite the passers-by into the meeting. As I stood there one night, I saw an Italian coming down the street. My first thought was, there is no use asking him in, probably he cannot speak English. On second thought I made up my mind to ask him, anyway.

I only knew one word in Italian, that was 'Buonasera,' which means 'Good evening.' I have found out if we use what we have, God will give us more. So when he came up I said 'Buonasera;' he said 'Buonasera,' and grasped my extended hand, and began to jabber away at a great rate in Italian. I could not understand.

so kept on with 'Buonaseras.' At last I fell back on motions, anyone can understand them. I pointed inside and pushed a little, and finally he went in.

After service, I met him at the door and said 'Buonasera,' and after a hearty hand shake and much conversation on his part, of which I did not understand a word, and many 'Buonaseras' and shrugs of shoulders on my part, he went away. That was the last I ever expected to see of him; but the next night he was back again. I met him with a 'Buonasera' at the door, and a 'Buonasera' at the close of the meeting. After that he was there every night, and it was 'Buonasera' at the beginning, and 'Buonasera' at the close of every service.

One night, when I gave the invitation for any who wanted to become Christians to hold up their hands for prayers, up went his hand, and when I invited them to come forward to be prayed with, he came too. I prayed with the others and left him till the last; when I came to him, what to do I did not know.

'Buonasera' was hardly the appropriate thing to say to him at this time, so I fell back on motions. I folded my hands, moved my lips and looked upward; he did the same. I was at the end of self—God can work when we get through.

All at once it struck me that God could speak Italian, so I just asked the Lord to speak to him, as I could not. He went away; the next night he came out for prayers again, the next also, and so on, if I remember right, every night for a month. At the end of that time I had gotten used to his coming out. I would pray with him, at least I would go through with motions; I am sure my prayer did not go very high.

One night, after I had said a prayer and got him to fold his hands, etc., I saw him move his lips, and then a look of joy come over his face; I saw God had met him. He rose from his knees, put his hand over his heart, and said, 'Jesus, Jesus,' and his face shone.

The next night, during the testimony service, he rose and said: 'Me no speaka English, Jesus, Jesus,' and he rubbed his heart, and his face spoke volumes. It was a powerful testimony; everyone was thrilled.

The next night and every night it was the same, 'Me no speaka English, Jesus, Jesus;' but there was power in it.

In a year or so he could speak quite well. After leaving Florence, when back on a visit, I met him. He put a five dollar bill in my hand. I did not want to take it, but he insisted, saying, 'You leada me to Jesus; before I come to Jesus, I spenda all my money in saloon, now a sava it. I hava many a five doll in the bank, this only one you taka.' Soon after he gave me two dollars' worth of Italian tracts. Some time since, when I was at the Florence, I asked about the Italian. 'Oh!' said they, 'he has got a mission of his own down in Mulberry Bend, among his own people.'

Later on in the meeting he came in. When he saw me, he said, 'There's the man that leada me to Jesus. Now me gota mission all my own; me paya the rent; me maka the music; me set the chairs, me sweep out, me do the preacha, mission all my own.'

There he was working away for Christ. What was it that won him? 'Buonasera,' that was all. I showed an interest in him—it won him.—'Episcopal Recorder.'

An Infidel's Part in the Moody Campaign.

Mr. Ned Wright, speaking at the Moody memorial service on New Year's Day, said: Brownlow North laid the foundation for Moody's work. He went before the great evangelist and prepared his way. During one of his campaigns a friend of mine met me and said, 'Can you find a place where Moody can pitch his house in South London?' I replied, 'There is no place but a large market garden, and that belongs to an infidel.' 'Well, God can influence the infidel,' he replied. I told him I had no hope in that quarter, and no faith to believe the infidel would let the place under any persuasion for Moody to hold meetings in. My friend, however, urged me to interview the man concerning it. 'Well,' I said, 'if you say so, I will go on the strength of your faith, for I haven't any myself.' I went to the infidel and said. 'I have a bit of business for you about your field. 'It will be a pretty good case for you if you will let it. It will bring you in so and so.' He asked, 'Whom is it for?' 'For Moody.' 'What! That Moody with the Sankey fellow?' 'Yes,' I answered, fearing he would then declare they should never have it, but to my surprise he said, 'Well, he shall have it.' 'For how much?' I asked, when, to my greater astonishment, he said, 'He shall have it for nothing!' I thought to myself, 'This fellow is not an infidel after all.' But he was; yet, because he had heard of cases all around the nighborhood of people who had been influenced for good, he felt an interest in Moody. A shilling a year was finally arranged upon as the rent of his place, and the meetings began. The very first man converted in that building was this infidel's eldest son. When I saw him seeking salvation and being dealt with by various workers, my heart was so full that I felt too choked to speak to him myself. He had been brought up in the very lap of infidelity, and had already begun to go out into the parks and advocate it. He got blessedly saved, and eventually his father and all the family were brought to Christ.—'Christian Herald.'

An Allegory.

In a certain city the people were divided by their occupations into six guilds, each residing in a different district, the professional men, the mechanics, the merchants, the hucksters, the carriers and the amusement vendors, with a separate gate. There came a giant against the city, and with his battering-ram broke down, one after the other, the six gates that protected these six guilds and all they held dear, and let in his hungry horde of followers upon them, 'Which things are an allegory.' The wall is the Sabbath, which protects the people, in that which is almost the dearest treasure they possess, their Sabbath rest. The giant that breaks down all the gates in that wall is the Sunday paper, He breaks down the gate that protects the Sabbath rest of the professional man, by requiring work of the editor; the gate that protects the Sabbath rest of the mechanics, by requiring Sunday work of the printer; the gate that protects the Sabbath rest of the merchant, by requiring Sunday work of the newsdealer; the gate that protects the Sabbath rest of the hucksters by requiring Sunday work of the newsboy; the gate that protects the Sabbath rest of the carriers, by requiring Sunday work of the men in the mail service and on the trains; the gate that protects the Sabbath rest of the amusement-vendors, by sending out the Sunday papers on the plea of amusement, thus opening the way for dime museums and theatres to claim the same right. There is not a single form of labor or business, nor a single form of public amusement which a man can consistently condemn, who either publishes or patronizes Sunday papers.—Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts.

Hymn for Our Soldiers.

(By the Sister of an Officer.)

To the tune of 'Onward, Christian Soldiers,' as sung in the churches.

For our valiant soldiers,
Lord, to Thee we pray;
Guard and keep them ever,
Be their guide and stay.
When through veldt they're marching
Many a weary hour
From their foes protect them
By Thy mighty power.

Cho.—For our valiant soldiers, &c.

When in darkness resting
Arms are laid aside,
God of battles shield them—
Still with them abide;
And if they in fighting
Should not think of Thee,
Do not Thou forget them,
Still their succor be.

Lord, when sick and wounded,
Far, perchance, from care,
Let Thy healing Spirit
Save them from despair.
Saviour, be Thou with them,
All their prayers to hear,
Strengthen, watch and comfort,
When none else is near.

Hungry, Lord, and thirsty,
In the wilderness,
Thou didst hear Thy people
In their sore distress;
Thou canst turn to blessing
Every human pain,
Grant that these through suffering
Saving faith may gain.

Lord, among our army,
Fighting for our land,
Thou hast also soldiers
Fighting Satan's band:
Lord, be Thou their Helper,
Touch their lips with fire,
Let Thy Holy Spirit
All their words inspire.

Safe beneath the shelter
Of Thy mighty shield,
Thou canst keep from danger
Soldiers on the field!
And although around them
Tens of thousands die,
Thou canst keep in safety
Those for whom we cry.

The Find-the-Place Almanac.

TEXTS IN EXODUS.

Feb. 25., Sun.—The fire shall be ever burning upon the altar.
Feb. 26., Mon.—The glory of the Lord shall appear unto you.
Feb. 27., Tues.—Do not drink wine or strong drink.
Feb. 28., Wed.—It is the blood that maketh atonement for the soul.
Mar. 1., Thurs.—Turn ye not unto idols.
Mar. 2., Fri.—Ye shall not steal, neither deal falsely.
Mar. 3., Sat.—Neither lie one to another.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Black Rock.

(A tale of the Selkirks, by Ralph Connor.)

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BREAKING OF THE LEAGUE.

There is no doubt in my mind that nature designed me for a great painter. A railway director interfered with that design of nature, as he has with many others of hers, and by the transmission of an order for mountain pieces by the dozen, together with a cheque so large that I feared there was some mistake, he determined me to be an illustrator and designer for railway and like publications. I do not like these people ordering 'by the dozen.' Why should they not consider an artist's finer feelings? Perhaps they cannot understand them; but they understand my pictures, and I understand their cheques, and there we are quits. But so it came that I remained in Black Rock long enough to witness the breaking of the League.

Looking back upon the events of that night from the midst of gentle and decent surroundings, they now seem strangely unreal, but to me then they appeared only natural.

It was the Good Friday ball that wrecked the League. For the fact that the promoters of the ball determined that it should be a ball rather than a dance was taken by the League men as a concession to the new public opinion in favor of respectability created by the League. And when the manager's patronage had been secured (they failed to get Mrs. Mavor's), and it was further announced that, though held in the Black Rock Hotel ballroom—indeed, there was no other place—refreshments suited to the peculiar tastes of League men would be provided, it was felt to be almost a necessity that the League should approve, should indeed welcome, this concession to the public opinion in favor of respectability created by the League.

There were extreme men on both sides, of course. 'Idaho' Jack, professional gambler, for instance, frankly considered that the whole town was going to unmentionable depths of propriety. The organization of the League was regarded by him, and by many others, as a sad retrograde towards the bondage of the ancient and dying East; and that he could not get drunk when and where he pleased, 'Idaho,' as he was called, regarded as a personal grievance.

But Idaho was never enamoured of the social ways of Black Rock. He was shocked and disgusted when he discovered that a 'gun' was decreed by British law to be an unnecessary adornment of a card-table. The manner of his discovery must have been interesting to behold.

It is said that Idaho was industriously pursuing his avocation in Slavin's, with his 'gun' lying upon the card-table convenient to his hand, when in walked policeman Jackson, her Majesty's sole representative in the Black Rock district. Jackson, 'Stonewall' Jackson, or 'Stonewall,' as he was called for obvious reasons, after watching the game for a few moments, gently tapped the pistol and asked what he used this for.

'I'll show you in two holy minutes if you don't light out,' said Idaho, hardly looking up, but very angrily, for the luck was against him. But Jackson tapped upon the table and said sweetly—

'You're a stranger here. You ought to get a guide-book and post yourself. Now, the boys know I don't interfere with an innocent little game, but there is a regulation against playing it with guns; so,' he added even more sweetly, but fastening Idaho with a look from his steel-grey eyes, 'I'll just take charge of this,' picking up the revolver; 'it might go off.'

Idaho's rage, great as it was, was quite swallowed up in his amazed disgust at the state of society that would permit such an outrage upon personal liberty. He was quite unable to play any more that evening, and took several drinks all round to restore him to articulate speech. The rest of the night was spent in retailing for his instruction stories of the ways of Stonewall Jackson.

Idaho bought a new 'gun,' but he wore it 'in his clothes,' and used it chiefly in the pastime of shooting out the lights or in picking off the heels from the boys' boots while a stage dance was in progress in Slavin's. But in Stonewall's presence Idaho was a most correct citizen. Stonewall he could understand and appreciate. He was six feet three, and had an eye of unpleasant penetration. But this new feeling in the community for respectability he could neither understand nor endure. The League became the object of his indignant aversion, and the League men of his contempt. He had many sympathisers, and frequent were the assaults upon the newly-born sobriety of Billy Breen and others of the League. But Geordie's watchful care and Mrs. Mavor's steady influence, together with the loyal co-operation of the League men, kept Billy safe so far. Nixon, too, was a marked man. It may be that he carried himself with unnecessary jauntiness toward Slavin and Idaho, saluting the former with, 'Awful dry weather! eh, Slavin?' and the latter with, 'Hello, old sport! how's times?' causing them to swear deeply; and, as it turned out, to do more than swear.

But on the whole the anti-League men were in favor of a respectable ball, and most of the League men determined to show their appreciation of the concession of the committee to the principles of the League in the important matter of refreshments by attending in force.

Nixon would not go. However jauntily he might talk, he could not trust himself, as he said, where whiskey was flowing, for it got into his nose 'like a fish-hook into a salmon.' He was from Nova Scotia. For like reason, Vernon Winton, the young Oxford fellow, would not go. When they chaffed, his lips grew a little thinner, and the color deepened in his handsome face, but he went on his way. Geordie despised the 'hale hypothick' as a 'daft ploy,' and the spending of five dollars upon a ticket he considered a 'sinfu' waste o' guid siller'; and he warned Billy against 'contenancin' ony sic redeeklus nonsense.'

But no one expected Billy to go; although the last two months he had done wonders for his personal appearance, and for his position in the social scale as well. They all knew what a fight he was making, and esteemed him accordingly. How well I remember the pleased pride in his face when he told me in the afternoon of the committee's urgent request that he should join the orchestra with his 'cello! It was not simply that his 'cello was his joy and pride, but he felt it to be a recognition of his return to respectability.

I have often wondered how things combine at times to a man's destruction.

Had Mr. Craig not been away at the Landing that week, had Geordie not been on the night-shift, had Mrs. Mavor not been so occupied with the care of her sick child, it may be Billy might have been saved his fall.

The anticipation of the ball stirred Black Rock and the camps with a thrill of expectant delight. Nowadays, when I find myself forced to leave my quiet smoke in my studio after dinner at the call of some social engagement which I have failed to elude, I groan at my hard lot, and I wonder as I look back and remember the pleasurable anticipation with which I viewed the approaching ball. But I do not wonder now any more than I did then at the eager delight of the men who for seven days in the week swung their picks up in the dark breasts of the mines, or who chopped and sawed among the solitary silences of the great forests. Any break in the long and weary monotony was welcome; what mattered the cost or consequence! To the rudest and least cultured of them the sameness of the life must have been hard to bear; but what it was to men who had seen life in its most cultured and attractive forms I fail to imagine. From the mine, black and foul, to the shack, bare, cheerless, and sometimes hideously repulsive, life swung in heart-grinding monotony till the longing for a 'big drink' or some other 'big break' became too great to bear.

It was well towards evening when Sandy's four-horse team, with a load of men from the woods, came swinging round the curves of the mountain-road and down the street. A gay crowd they were with their bright, brown faces and hearty voices; and in ten minutes the whole street seemed alive with lumbermen—they had a faculty of spreading themselves so. After night fell the miners came down 'done up slick,' for this was a great occasion, and they must be up to it. The manager appeared in evening dress; but this was voted 'too giddy' by the majority.

As Graeme and I passed up to the Black Rock Hotel, in the large store-room of which the ball was to be held, we met old man Nelson looking very grave.

'Going, Nelson, aren't you?' I said.

'Yes,' he answered slowly; 'I'll drop in, though I don't like the look of things much.'

'What's the matter, Nelson?' asked Graeme cheerily. 'There's no funeral on.'

'Perhaps not,' replied Nelson, 'but I wish Mr. Craig were home.' And then he added, 'There's Idaho and Slavin together, and you may bet the devil isn't far off.'

But Graeme laughed at his suspicion, and we passed on. The orchestra was tuning up. There were two violins, a concertina, and the 'cello. Billy Breen was lovingly fingering his instrument, now and then indulging himself in a little snatch of some air that came to him out of his happier past. He looked perfectly delighted, and as I paused to listen he gave me a proud glance out of his deep, little, blue eyes, and went on playing softly to himself. Presently Shaw came along.

'That's good, Billy,' he called out. 'You've got the trick yet, I see.'

But Billy only nodded and went on playing.

'Where's Nixon?' I asked.

'Gone to bed,' said Shaw, 'and I am glad of it. He finds that the safest place on

pay-day afternoon. The boys don't bother him there.'

The dancing-room was lined on two sides with beer-barrels and whiskey-kegs; at one end the orchestra sat, at the other was a table with refreshments, where the 'soft drinks' might be had. Those who wanted anything else might pass through a short passage into the bar just behind.

This was evidently a superior kind of ball, for the men kept on their coats, and went through the various figures with faces of unnatural solemnity. But the strain upon their feelings was quite apparent, and it became a question how long it could be maintained. As the trips through the passage-way became more frequent the dancing grew in vigor and hilarity, until by the time supper was announced the stiffness had sufficiently vanished to give no further anxiety to the committee.

But the committee had other cause for concern, inasmuch as after supper certain of the miners appeared with their coats off, and proceeded to 'knock the knots out of the floor' in break-down dances of extraordinary energy. These, however, were beguiled into the bar-room and 'filled up' for safety, for the committee were determined that the respectability of the ball should be preserved to the end. Their reputation was at stake, not in Black Rock only, but at the Landing as well, from which most of the ladies had come; and to be shamed in the presence of the Landing people could not be borne. Their difficulties seemed to be increasing, for at this point something seemed to go wrong with the orchestra. The 'cello appeared to be wandering aimlessly up and down the scale, occasionally picking up the tune with animation, and then dropping it. As Billy saw me approaching, he drew himself up with great solemnity, gravely winked at me, and said—

'Shlipped a cog, Mishter Connor! Mosh hunfortunate! Beauchiful h'nstrument, but shlips a cog. Mosh hunfortunate!'

And he wagged his little head sagely, playing all the while for dear life, now second and now lead.

Poor Billy! I pitied him, but I thought chiefly of the beautiful, eager face that leaned towards him the night the League was made, and of the bright voice that said, 'You'll sign with me, Billy?' and it seemed to me a cruel deed to make him lose his grip of life and hope; for this is what the pledge meant to him.

While I was trying to get Billy, away to some safe place, I heard a great shouting in the direction of the bar, followed by trampling and scuffling of feet in the passage-way. Suddenly a man burst through, crying—

'Let me go! Stand back! I know what I'm about!'

It was Nixon, dressed in his best; black clothes, blue shirt, red tie, looking handsome enough, but half-drunk and wildly excited. The Highland Fling competition was on at the moment, and Angus Campbell, Lachlan's brother, was representing the lumber camps in the contest. Nixon looked on approvingly for a few moments, then with a quick movement he seized the little Highlander, swung him in his powerful arms clean off the floor, and deposited him gently upon a beer-barrel. Then he stepped into the centre of the room, bowed to the judges, and began a sailor's hornpipe.

The committee were perplexed, but after deliberation they decided to humor the new competitor, especially as they knew that Nixon with whiskey in him was unpleasant to cross.

Lightly and gracefully he went through his steps, the men crowding in from the bar to admire, for Nixon was famed for his hornpipe. But when, after the hornpipe, he proceeded to execute a clog-dance, garnished with acrobatic feats, the committee interfered. There were cries of 'Put him out!' and 'Let him alone! Go on, Nixon!' And Nixon hurled back into the crowd two of the committee who had laid remonstrating hands upon him, and, standing in the open centre, cried out scornfully—

'Put me out! Put me out! Certainly! Help yourselves! Don't mind me!' Then grinding his teeth, so that I heard them across the room, he added with savage deliberation, 'If any man lays a finger on me, I'll—I'll eat his liver cold.'

He stood for a few moments glaring round upon the company, and then strode toward the bar, followed by the crowd wildly yelling. The ball was forthwith broken up. I looked around for Billy, but he was nowhere to be seen. Graeme touched my arm—

'There's going to be something of a time, so just keep your eyes skinned.

'What are you going to do?' I asked.

'Do? Keep myself beautifully out of trouble,' he replied.

In a few moments the crowd came surging back headed by Nixon, who was waving a whiskey-bottle over his head and yelling as one possessed.

'Hello!' exclaimed Graeme softly, 'I begin to see. Look there!'

'What's up?' I asked.

'You see Idaho and Slavin and their pets,' he replied.

'They got poor Nixon in tow. Idaho is rather nasty,' he added, 'but I think I'll take a hand in this game; I've seen some of Idaho's work before.'

The scene was one quite strange to me, and was wild beyond description. A hundred men filled the room. Bottles were passed from hand to hand, and men drank their fill. Behind the refreshment-tables stood the hotelman and his barkeeper with their coats off and sleeves rolled up to the shoulder, passing out bottles, and drawing beer and whiskey from two kegs hoisted up for that purpose. Nixon was in his glory. It was his night. Every man was to get drunk at his expense, he proclaimed, flinging down bills upon the table. Near him were some League men he was treating liberally, and never far away were Idaho and Slavin passing bottles, but evidently drinking little.

I followed Graeme, not feeling too comfortable, for this sort of thing was new to me, but admiring the cool assurance with which he made his way through the crowd that swayed and yelled and swore and laughed in a most disconcerting manner.

'Hello!' shouted Nixon as he caught sight of Graeme. 'Here you are!' passing him a bottle. 'You're a knocker, a double-handed front-door knocker. You polished off old whiskey-soak here, old demijohn,' pointing to Slavin, 'and I'll lay five to one we can lick any blankety blank thieves in the crowd,' and he held up a roll of bills.

But Graeme proposed that he should give the hornpipe again, and the floor was cleared at once, for Nixon's hornpipe was very popular, and to-night, of course, was in high favor. In the midst of his dance Nixon stopped short, his arms dropped to his side, his face had a look of fear, of horror.

There, before him, in his riding-cloak and boots, with his whip in his hand as he had come from his ride, stood Mr. Craig. His face was pallid, and his dark eyes were blazing with fierce light. As Nixon stopped, Craig stepped forward to him, and sweeping his eyes round upon the circle he said in tones intense with scorn—

'You cowards! You get a man where he's weak! Cowards! you'd damn his soul for his money!'

There was dead silence, and Craig, lifting his hat, said solemnly—

'May God forgive you this night's work!'

Then, turning to Nixon, and throwing his arm over his shoulder, he said in a voice broken and husky—

'Come on, Nixon! we'll go!'

Idaho made a motion as if to stop him, but Graeme stepped quickly forward and said sharply, 'Make way there, can't you?' and the crowd fell back and we four passed through, Nixon walking as in a dream, with Craig's arm about him. Down the street we went in silence, and on to Craig's shack, where we found old man Nelson, with the fire blazing, and strong coffee steaming on the stove. It was he that had told Craig, on his arrival from the Landing, of Nixon's fall.

There was nothing of reproach, but only gentlest pity, in tone and touch as Craig placed the half-drunk, dazed man in his easy-chair, took off his boots, brought him his own slippers, and gave him coffee. Then, as his stupor began to overcome him, Craig put him in his own bed, and came forth with a face written over with grief.

'Don't mind, old chap,' said Graeme kindly.

But Craig looked at him without a word, and, throwing himself into a chair, put his face in his hands. As we sat there in silence the door was suddenly pushed open and in walked Abe Baker with the words, 'Where is Nixon?' and we told him where he was. We were still talking when again a tap came to the door, and Shaw came in looking much disturbed.

'Did you hear about Nixon? he asked. We told him what we knew.

'But did you hear how they got him?' he asked, excitedly.

As he told us the tale, the men stood listening, with faces growing hard.

It appeared that after the making of the League the Black Rock Hotel man had bet Idaho one hundred to fifty thatNixon could not be got to drink before Easter. All Idaho's schemes had failed, and now he had only three days in which to win his money, and the ball was his last chance. Here again he was balked, for Nixon, resisting all entreaties, barred his shack door and went to bed before nightfall, according to his invariable custom on pay-days. At midnight some of Idaho's men came battering at the door for admission, which Nixon reluctantly granted. For half an hour they used every art of persuasion to induce him to go down to the ball, the glorious success of which was glowingly depicted; but Nixon remained immovable, and they took their departure, baffled and cursing. In two hours they returned drunk enough to be dangerous, kicked at the door in vain, finally gained entrance through the winnow, hauled Nixon out of bed, and, holding a glass of whiskey to his lips, bade him drink. But he knocked the glass away, spilling the liquor over himself and the bed.

It was drink or fight, and Nixon was ready to fight; but after parley they had a drink all round, and fell to persuasion

again. The night was cold, and poor Nixon sat shivering on the edge of his bed. If he would take one drink they would leave him alone. He need not show himself so stiff. The whiskey fumes filled his nostrils. If one drink would get them off, surely that was better than fighting and killing some one or getting killed. He hesitated, yielded, drank his glass. They sat about him amiably drinking, and lauding him as a fine fellow after all. One more glass before they left. Then Nixon rose dressed himself, drank all that was left of the bottle, put his money in his pocket, and came down to the dance, wild with his old-time madness, reckless of faith and pledge, forgetful of home, wife, babies, his whole being absorbed in one great passion —to drink and drink and drink till he could drink no more.

Before Shaw had finished his tale, Craig's eyes were streaming with tears, and groans of rage and pity broke alternately from him. Abe remained speechless for a time, not trusting himself; but as he heard Craig groan, 'Oh, the beasts! the fiends!' he seemed encouraged to let himself loose, and he began swearing with the coolest and most blood-curdling deliberation. Craig listened with evident approval, apparently finding complete satisfaction in Abe's performance, when suddenly he seemed to waken up, caught Abe by the arm, and said in a horror-stricken voice—

'Stop! stop! God forgive us! we must not swear like this.'

Abe stopped at once, and in a surprised and slightly grieved voice said—

'Why! yes! God forgive me! I am afraid it was,' he answered hurriedly; 'but I must not.'

'Oh, don't you worry,' went on Abe cheerfully; 'I'll look after that part; and anyway, ain't they the blankest blankety blank' —going off again into a roll of curses, till Craig, in an agony of entreaty, succeeded in arresting the flow of profanity possible to no one but a mountain stage-driver. Abe paused looking hurt, and asked if they did not deserve everything he was calling down upon them.

'Yes, yes,' urged Craig; 'but that is not our business.'

'Well! so I reckoned,' replied Abe, recognising the limitations of the cloth; 'you ain't used to it, and you can't be expected to do it; but it just makes me feel good —let out o' school like—to properly do 'em up, the blank,' blank and off he went again. It was only under the pressure of Mr. Craig's prayers and commands that he finally agreed 'to hold in, though it was tough.'

'What's to be done?' asked Shaw.

'Nothing,' answered Craig bitterly. He was exhausted with his long ride from the Landing, and broken with bitter disappointment over the ruin of all that he had labored so long to accomplish.

'Nonsense,' said Graeme; 'there's a good deal to do.'

It was agreed that Craig should remain with Nixon while the others of us should gather up what fragments we could find of the broken League. We had just opened the door, when we met a man striding up at a great pace. It was Geordie Crawford.

'Hae ye seen the lad?' was his salutation. No one replied. So I told Geordie of my last sight of Billy in the orchestra.

'An' did ye no' gang aifter him?' he asked in indignant surprise, adding with some contempt, 'Man! but ye're a feckless buddie.'

'Billy gone too!' said Shaw. 'They might have let Billy alone.'

Poor Craig stood in a dumb agony. Billy's fall seemed more than he could bear. We went out, leaving him heart-broken amid the ruins of his League.

(To be continued.)

A Holy Ghost Life.

(By Stephen Merritt.

Samuel Morris was a Kru boy. He was an African of the Africans, a pure negro; when I first knew him he was probably twenty years old. He was a resident of Liberia, where he was employed among English-speaking people as a house painter, and where he first found the Lord. A missionary girl came from the far West to go out under Bishop Taylor, and, as I was secretary for the Bishop, I received her. I had become intimately acquainted with the Holy Ghost, and of course was full of Him.

I talked from the abundance of my heart

AN AFRICAN MISSION BOY.

to her of Him. I told her if she would receive Him, she would be a success in Africa, and would not be sick nor lonesome, nor wearied. He would be her strength, wisdom and comfort, and her life would be a continual psalm of praise in that dark continent. She hearkened—desired—consented—asked, and He came. An abiding presence. She departed, filled with the Spirit. Her companion missionaries thought she would be a failure, as she kept herself aloof, would sit alone, and talk and cry and laugh; they thought she had left a lover behind, and therefore her actions. She had her lover with her, hence her peculiarities. She reached her station, sat down to her work—contented, blessed and happy.

This Kru boy, Samuel Morris, heard of her arrival, and walked miles to see her and talk about Jesus. She was filled and overflowed with the Holy Spirit, and was glad to pour out of Him on Samuel. He became enthused, and he desired and was determined to know the Comforter Divine. Journey after journey was made; hour after hour was spent in conversation on the darling theme; when she, wearied with a constant repetition, said: 'If you want to know any more, you must go to Stephen Merritt of New York; he told me all I know of the Holy Ghost.' 'I am going—where is he?' She laughingly answered, 'In New York.' She missed him; he had started. Weary miles he traversed before reaching the ocean. As he arrived on the shore, a sailing vessel dropped her anchor in the offing, and a small boat put ashore; Samuel stepped up and asked the captain to take him to New York. He was refused with curses and a kick, but he answered, 'Oh, yes, you will.' He slept on the sand that night, and was again refused; the next morning, nothing daunted, he made the request again the third time, and was asked by the captain: 'What can you do?' and he answered, 'Anything.' Thinking he was an able-bodied seaman, and as two men had deserted and he was short-handed, he asked, 'What do you want?' Meaning pay. Samuel said, 'I want to see Stephen Merritt. He said to the men in the boat, 'Take this boy aboard.'

He reached the ship, but knew nothing of a vessel or of the sea. The anchor was raised and he was off. His ignorance brought much trouble; cuffs, curses and kicks were his in abundance; but his peace was as a river, his confidence unbounded, and his assurance sweet. He went into the cabin to clean up,—and the captain was convicted and converted; the fire ran through the ship, and half or more of the crew were saved. The ship became a Bethel, the songs and shouts of praise resounded, and nothing was too good for the uncouth and ungainly Kru boy.

They landed at the foot of Pike Street, E. R., and after the farewells were said, Samuel, with a bag of clothing furnished by the crew (for he went aboard with only a jumper and overalls with no shoes), stepped on the dock, and, stepping up to the first man he met, said: 'Where's Stephen Merritt?' It was three or four miles away from my place, in a part of the city where I would be utterly unknown, but the Holy Spirit arranged that; one of the Travellers' Club was the man accosted, and he said: 'I know him, he lives away over on the 8th Avenue—on the other side of town. I'll take you to him for a dollar.' 'All right,' said Samuel, though he had not one cent. They reached the store just as I was leaving for prayer-meeting, and the tramp said: 'There he is.' Samuel stepped up and said: 'Stephen Merritt?' 'Yes!' 'I am Samuel Morris; I've just come from Africa to talk with you about the Holy Ghost.' 'Have you any letters of introduction?' 'No,—had no time to wait.' 'Well, all right; I am going to Jane Street prayer-meeting. Will you go into the mission next door? On my return I will see about your entertainment.' 'All right.' 'Say, young fellow,' said the tramp, 'where is my dollar?' 'Oh, Stephen Merritt pays all my bills now,' said Samuel. 'Oh, certainly,' said I, as I passed the dollar over.

I went to the prayer-meeting—he to the mission. I forgot him until just as I put my key in the door about 10.30, when Samuel Morris flashed upon my remembrance. I hastened over, found him on the platform with seventeen men on their faces around him; he had just pointed them to Jesus, and they were rejoicing in His pardoning favor. I had never seen just such a sight. The Holy Ghost in this figure of ebony, with all its surroundings, was, indeed, a picture.

Think, an uncultured, uncouth, uncultivated, but endowed, imbued and infilled African, under the power of the Holy Spirit.

the first night in America winning souls for Immanuel—nearly a score. No trouble now to take care of him. He was one of God's anointed ones. This was Friday. Saturday he stayed around. Sunday, I said: 'Samuel, I would like you to accompany me to Sunday-school. I am the Superintendent, and may ask you to speak.' He answered: 'I never was in Sunday-school, but all right.' I smilingly introduced him as one, Samuel Morris, who had come from Africa to talk to their Superintendent about the Holy Spirit. I know not what he said. The school laughed, and as he commenced my attention was called, and I turned aside for a few moments, when I looked, and lo, the altar was full of our young people, weeping and sobbing. I never could find out what he said, but the presence and manifested power of the Holy Spirit was so sensible that the entire place was filled with His glory.

The young people formed a 'Samuel Morris Missionary Society,' and secured money, clothes, and everything requisite to send him off to the Bishop William Taylor University at Fort Wayne, Ind. The days that passed while waiting to go were wonderful days. I took him in a coach, with a prancing team of horses, as I was going to Harlem to officiate at a funeral. I said: 'Samuel, I would like to show you something of our city and Central Park.' He had never been behind horses nor in a coach, and the effect was laughable to me. I said: 'Samuel, this is the Grand Opera House,' and began to explain, when he said, 'Stephen Merritt, do you ever pray in a coach?' I answered, 'Oh, yes, I very frequently have very blessed times while riding about.' He placed his great black hand on mine, and turning me around on my knees, said, 'We will pray;' and for the first time I knelt in a coach to pray. He told the Holy Spirit he had come from Africa to talk to me about Him, and I talked about everything else, and wanted to show him the church, and the city, and the people, when he was so desirous of hearing and knowing about Him; and he asked Him if He would not take out of my heart things, and so fill me with Himself that I would never speak, or write, or preach, or talk only of Him. There were three of us in the coach that day. Never have I known such a day—we were filled with the Holy Ghost; and He made Him the channel by which I became instructed and then endued as never before.

Bishops have placed their hands on my head, once and again, and joined with elders of the church in ordaining services, but no power came in comparison. James Caughey placed his holy hands on my head and on the head of dear Thomas Harrison as he prayed that the mantle of Elijah might fall upon the Elishas—and the fire fell and the power came, but the abiding of the Comforter was received in the coach with Samuel Morris—for since then I have not written a line, or spoken a word, or preached a sermon, only for or in the Holy Ghost.

Samuel Morris was an instrument in the hand of the Holy Spirit for the greater and grander development of Stephen Merritt in the wonderful things of God. He went to Fort Wayne. He turned the University upside down. He lived and died in the Holy Ghost, after accomplishing his work; and as a Holy Ghost man or woman never dies, so the life of Samuel Morris walks the earth to-day, and will live as long as I remain, and will never die. At his funeral, three young men, who had received the Holy Spirit through his instruction, dedicated themselves to the work of God in Africa to take the place of Samuel Morris.

His life in the University, his death, and the influence he exerted, may be learned from the President at Upland, Indiana, or from Dr. Wright, of Washington, D.C., who published his likeness and the account of his funeral in the local preacher's magazine. —'American Friend's Review.'

Seeking the Lost.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF A NEGRO SLAVE.

(By Robert B. Buckham, in the 'Michigan Advocate.')

We were born, my brother Caleb and I, on a plantation in Southern Georgia. Our master was very wealthy and owned many slaves, and acres upon acres of rich land cultivated with cotton, corn, and rice. Both of our parents were field hands, who worked in the cotton fields, being driven out to their labors each morning under the lash of an overseer.

Naturally we, too, expected to be dedicated to this variety of work as soon as we should be old enough to be able to labor with the rest, but on the contrary, and much to our surprise, fate proved to have another occupation in store for us. Our master necessarily employed large numbers of horses and mules on his plantations to assist in the farm work, and one day one of the overseers came to the cabin and ordered us to go with him to the stables. We were to be stable boys!

It was regarded as a thing of no mean importance among the slaves to be made a stable hand; but it had its responsibilities as well. The care of the animals called for more devotion and painstaking than did the manual labor in the fields, and any little error or mishap was at once followed by a severe and merciless flogging at the hands of an overseer.

How my flesh quivers to this day as I remember the whippings Caleb and I received during our first year of instruction at the stables! First of all, we were taught to ride the animals, and if we were unable to keep our seats or were thrown off, but mere boys though we were, the lash descended upon us without pity until the blood oozed from our stripes. Scarcely a day passed at first which did not witness some mishap or luckless occurrence affording sufficient pretence for chastising us, and I remember now how sore and lame my body would be from my punishments, often for months at a time.

But towards the close of our second year at the stables, Caleb met with an unfortunate adventure which nearly cost him his life, and which resulted in many a scourging for him such as we had never known before. He was riding one of the horses to the fields, a large and spirited bay, when suddenly and quite unexpectedly the animal became frightened, and jumping quickly to one side, threw Caleb to the ground and trod upon him.

He was picked up and carried back for dead, but soon regained consciousness and was about again in a few days as well as ever, except that a nail in one of the horse's shoes had cut a hole completely through his cheek, which, though it speedily healed, nevertheless left a bad scar and an unsightly opening in his cheek. Poor fellow! How my heart went out for him as his sufferings from the wound were augmented with cutting of the lash in the days that followed!

Not long after this occurrence our master met with financial reverses, and was compelled to sell some of his slaves. Oh, those awful days of suspense when we learned that there must be partings and separations, and that some of us must go, but as yet were ignorant as to who the doomed ones were. Was father, or husband, or brother among them? was the question which was on all lips, and drove sleep from our eyes.

At length the dreaded day of the sale was at hand, as we could judge from the preparations which were being made, and the prospective purchasers began to arrive —strangers, who made a business of slave buying and driving. One after another was put upon the auctioneer's block and bid off, amid the tears of relatives and friends, and last of all, to my utter despair, my own brother, Caleb!

Oh, how my heart was torn at this! I could not let him go! I ran away frantically to our master to intercede in his behalf, but he put me aside roughly. No, he must go. He had received an injury through his own carelessness which would greatly lessen his value, as the scar on his face would probably never heal entirely over, and he had brought all that he was worth under the circumstances. He could not afford to keep him.

The purchased slaves were driven away, like cattle, down the road, and we knew that in all probability we should never see their faces or hear from them again. What fate they were going to we knew not, and should never know. What a sorrowful departure was that! Bereaved fathers, mothers and children wrung their hands and wailed and moaned and cried as though their hearts would break; and long after the departing were out of sight their wails could be heard. Our cries filled the very heaven, and I confidently believe that they ascended even to the ear of Almighty God, and that on that day he put forth his immutable fiat that these things should not be.

As for me, my heart was dumb. I could not realize that my brother and constant companion, so dear to me, was gone forever. I went about my daily tasks in a daze of grief for days afterwards, scarcely realizing what I was about. Nor did my bereavemnt in any measure abate with the passage of time. Each morning I awoke with the thought of brother Caleb uppermost in my mind, and my last thought at evening was of him.

As the years wore away and I grew to manhood, I often harbored bitter thoughts against my master, and planned to endeavor to make my escape from him and go in search of Caleb, but at such times reason finally conquered my rebellious spirit, and a voice within me seemed to bid me wait.

In time my forbearance was rewarded, for at last reports reached us of trouble with the north; of the raising up by God's own hand of that immortal servant of his choosing, Abraham Lincoln, to stretch out the hand of succor to the down-trodden slave, and to tear off his shackles for ever.

When at length the long struggle was over and I was pronounced a free man, at liberty to come and go as I pleased, the purpose formed so long ago was put into execution, that of going in search of Caleb. Little did I realize, when I first set out, what a herculean task I had in reality set myself. Whither should I turn to find him? And not until I had wandered about for

over a year did the thought occur to me that after so many years his countenance and person must have greatly altered. How was I to recognize him, even if I was in his very presence?

Nothing could turn me back from my purpose, however, and I kept on as before, inquiring for Caleb of all whom I met. Late in the spring of the third year of my departure from the plantation my wanderings had carried me well up into the north; and noting a little company of colored people gathered in a cemetery by the way one day, I turned to them with my usual question upon my lips.

One of their number was addressing them in earnest tones, and I stopped a moment to hear what he had to say. It seems that on that day, as is now the universal custom, that little group had gathered to decorate with flowers the graves of the soldiers who had fallen in the war. Their comrade was relaing to them as they listened breathlessly how the noble fellows had sacrificed their lives that the black man might have his freedom; and concluded with an allusion to One who had died in like manner that all mankind might be freed from the slavery of sin.

It was a beautiful story, one that I never heard before at that time, and so impressed me that I tarried a few moments to press the hand of him who told it. Going up to where he stood, I accosted him; and as our hands met, lifting my eyes to his kindly countenance, I there beheld a sight which thrilled my whole being as with a mighty shock. His right cheek was marked with a deep scar, unsightly, but well remembered! It was Caleb, my brother, found at last!

A Mammoth Dog.

Lovers of the marvellous in nature will find something to interest them in the egg which was sold the other day at the rooms of Mr. Stevens, in King street, Covent Garden. This was an egg of the 'Aepyornis,' the biggest bird, either living or extinct, being more than ten feet high and flightless. It was formerly frequently met with in Madagascar, and the eggs are occasionally found now, buried in the sand, the natives using them for buckets. The egg measures 34¼ inches in its longest circumference, and 28 inches in girth. Some idea of its immense proportions can be obtained from the fact that it is equal in bulk to six ostrich eggs, or 16 1-2 emu eggs, while its empty shell would hold 148 fowls' eggs, or no fewer than 5,000 of those of the humming bird. The monster egg was sold for 67 guineas.—'Children's Friend.'

Perplexed.

Being perplexed, I say,
Lord, make it right!
Night is as day to Thee,
Darkness as light.
I am afraid to touch
Things that involve so much;
My trembling hand may shake;
My skilless hand may break;
Thine can make no mistake.

Being in doubt, I say,
Lord make it plain!
Which is the true, safe way?
Which would be vain?
I am not wise to know,
Nor sure of foot to go;
My blind eyes cannot see
What is so clear to Thee.
Lord, make it clear to me.

—Waif.

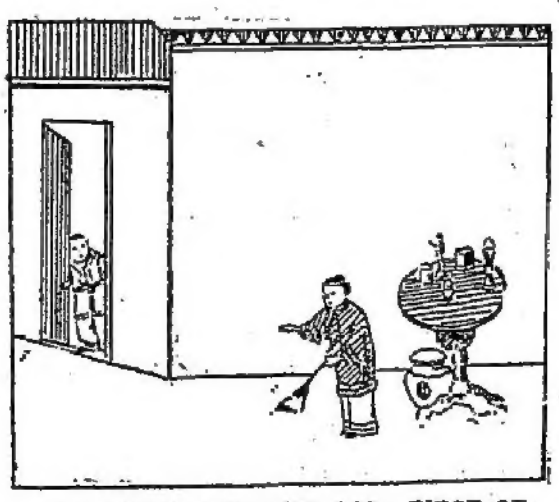
Chinese Version of a Parable.

NOVEL METHOD OF TEACHING THE GOSPEL BY PICTURES.

One of the latest methods of the missionary in China to secure the attention of the people is that of putting Bible incidents and parables in a pictorial form. It has been found that the Chinese are wonderfully impressed by pictures, and that where mere preaching may fall on deaf ears, a striking picture is sure to be looked at and its meaning discovered. Through the eye to the heart is a most effective method of proclaiming the Gospel.

In the two quaint pictures here shown is depicted by a native artist the beautiful parable of the Lost Piece of Silver.

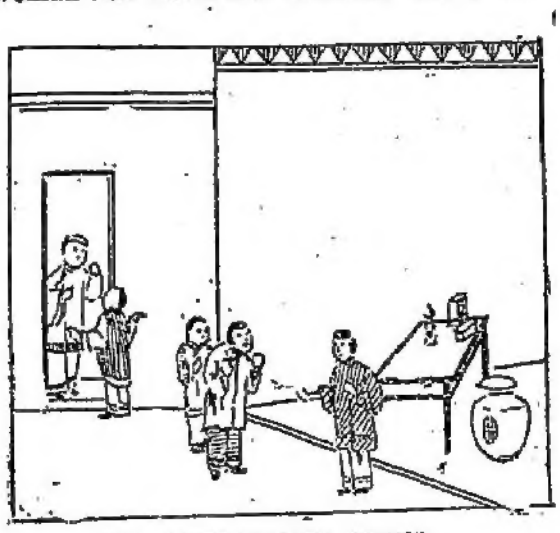
The first scene shows the interior of a Chinese home exact to nature. The woman,



SEARCHING FOR THE LOST PIECE OF SILVER.

dressed in the strange Chinese garb, has taken a broom and is endeavoring to find the lost 'cash,' a neighbor peeping in to see what can be the matter.

In the second picture we see that the woman has found her treasure, and a num-



THE LOST COIN IS FOUND.

ber of her neighbors have come in to offer their congratulations.

Quaint as these pictures appear, they speak as nothing else can to the heart of the native Chinese the precious lessons of the New Testament parable. By these means the Bible teachings live again, as the Chinese view them from their own native standpoint.—'Sunday Companion.'

Katy's Prayer.

Summer had come, with its warmth, its bird song and rapid growth and the birds sang cheerily under the window where Katy still lay in her sick room. The house is all excitement to-day. Father, and Alec, and Donald are going to the fair beyond the marshes and Katy is talking now to her sister, quiet Jennie.

'I would like to go to Boujour, too, to see the fair, Katy.'

And Katy said:—Then, you shall go.'

'But I am feared you'll be lonesome.'

'Lonesome,' echoed Katy, 'as if such a thing could be, when mother will be here.'

The off-start was that all went to the fair, the first one ever held in Boujour, and Katy and her mother were left alone.

The pony was hitched to the light waggon, and many good-byes were said at the side of Katy's bed, who declared with that winning smile of hers that she should enjoy hearing them talk about it when they returned, and she could almost fancy herself there.

So they started over the long ten miles to Boujour.

The potatoes were already losing their blossoms as they drove out from the stable, past the old log house with the sod roof, already green with growing grass, past the fence around the garden patch, in the centre of which stood the new house, Alec pointed out to his silent father the falling flowers and said:—'Next year we'll try to have them a litle earlier, and take them to the fair.'

Driving through the bush road, for the bush was almost up to the house, that summer morning was pleasant enough, if it had not been for the flies, but in the shade of the tall, slim poplars the mosquito sang and worked, and in the sunshine the bull-dog fly tried to ply his voracious avocation. Soon they are on the hay land, some cut, some stacked, some coiled, or in long rows ready for the stacking. Now, they are on the grade, the culvert is crossed and the whitewashed log school-house is soon left behind, they are on the marshes.

The marshes, eight or nine miles across, its corduroy road, prairie trails round the bad place. Stretching east and west as far as the eye could see, the tall, rank, dry grass of last year's growth, over which the fire had never swept.

To the south, is Boujour, the fair ground alive with people in holiday attire, and soon the pony and the light waggon with its living freight draw near enough to behold the gay attire of the holiday seekers, and hear the merry shouts of the pleasure lovers.

Over yonder to the east along the line of the C. P. R., is smoke. Fire is running across part of the marsh, somebody's hay is perhaps burning, and sympathy is expressed by the little band, for no one knew when a fire might come their way.

The day wore on. The smoke hung low. Boujour was almost smothered, the fire was coming nearer. Sometimes the flames could be seen.

Towards evening the settlers beyond the marsh turned homeward.

Two or three miles from their home, their blood ran cold as they saw the devastation of the fire fiend. The grass was gone, the fences on fire, barns and stables burned, charred remains of burned and suffocated horses and cattle cover the north end of the marsh. The pony is urged faster. The school has been saved by the fire-guards. The tall silver poplars are scarred and blackened poles, the hay field, nothing left but ashes and the air filled with smoke. Now they dash past the trees again and father cries:—'Thank God, the home is still there. Fences on fire—the old home gone, the stables burned, the potato stalks withered, the cattle dead—but the house is saved.' Jeannie sobbing, Donald wildly hugging his mother, father almost stunned beneath the blow. Ten years' hard work and self-denial swept away in an instant. A moment more they are in the house. The awful story told. Mother's burned arms and scorched dress tell of the heroic fight against the overwhelming and devastating element.

And as they stand round the bed of Katy with smiles and tears father says tenderly, 'The Lord gave and the Lord has taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord.'

'Were you not feared, Katy?' said Jeannie.

'Na, na, Jeannie, I prayed, and mither worked, and God saved.'—'Presbyterian Review.'

Are You Happy?

('Light in the Home.')

'I do pity poor James; how wretched he must be!' said my young friend Harry, who was staying with me, when he heard about the sufferings of a boy I had been visiting.

'Wretched, do you think, Harry? 'You must go with me to-morrow and see for yourself,' I said.

Harry had been brought up in a large town, and had a beautiful home and everything to make him happy, but he did not seem satisfied, he was ever craving for some new pleasure.

On the next day, as we walked along to the little cottage, Harry said, 'Do you know I am sure I couldn't be happy if I had to live in a poor home without enough to eat and wear, and was obliged to work hard or to bear pain.'

'But, Harry,' I said, 'happiness does not depend on outside things—you may be rich, yet miserable, and poor, though very happy. God alone can give true happiness, and nothing can take it away.'

We reached the pretty little garden with its blooming geraniums and sweet lavender, and I thought, as I passed through its fragrance, it seemed sad a life should be in pain there, and unable to enjoy the summer beauty.

'Please, ma'am, come in,' said Mrs. Russel; 'my boy is so bad, and he keeps talking about you!'

We went into the clean room where poor James lay; he had been ill for nearly two years. Harry sat near, evidently interested in the contented-looking boy.

'Well, James,' I said, taking the thin white hand, 'do you feel very dull at being shut in here and in such pain, while the sun shines so brightly, and flowers are so lovely outide?'

It seemed as though a sudden flash of sunlight had streamed through the window on to James's face, so beaming was his countenance as he quickly looked up and answered, 'Dull, ma'am! How can I be dull while I have got such joyful feelings in my heart?'

'Then you don't fret about your suffering lot?'

'Fret, ma'am! Why should I be fretting when I've far more reason to be singing? True, my poor back is in dreadful pain often enough, and weary nights I have of it, and I know I must tire mother out, watching and waiting on me, but when I remember Jesus knows all about it, and think of His love to poor me, I know He is letting me bear this pain to make me fit to wear a crown in that beautiful heaven soon, and if the pain helps to make me ready for that, how can I fret against it?'

'No, James, indeed you cannot but rejoice.'

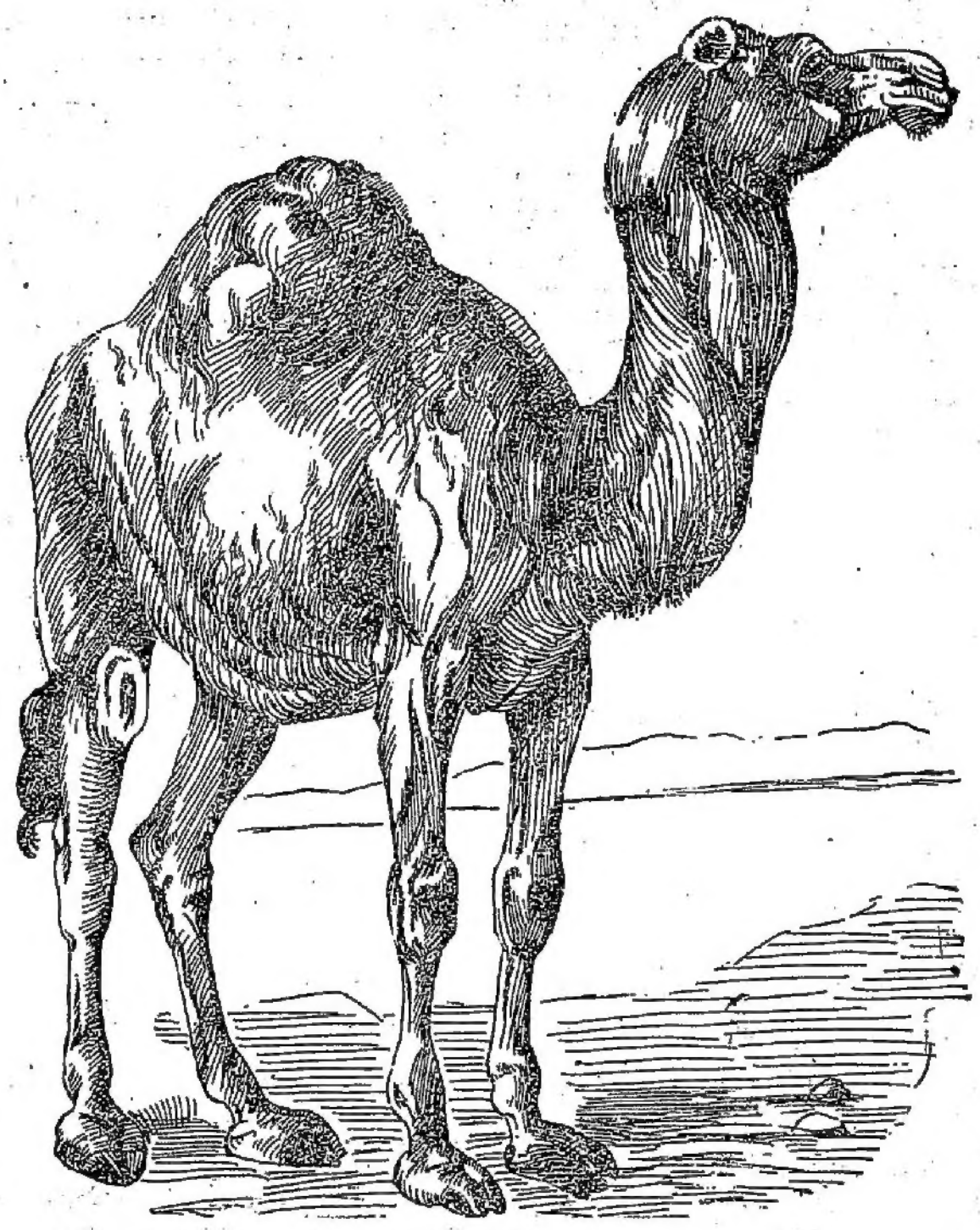
Harry listened eagerly to all that was said, and was very quiet on the way home.

'I never could have thought a boy of fifteen years could be happy in such a home, and suffering like that,' he said.

'Ah, Harry,' I answered, 'he has learned what the joy of being a Christian means; he early gave his heart to Jesus, and the Saviour helps him bear his pain, and whispers to him of heaven and joys to come.'

The visit impressed Harry; he thought much about it, and after he left me and went back to his own home he used to think of that happy boy, and wondered how it was that he, with all his amusements and books, was not as contented as James.

Some months later Harry's father brought him again to see me, and one day he went off for a walk alone, and wandered round by James's cottage, and on a seat under a shady tree he saw the poor boy sitting in the garden, for he had suffered much of late, and the doctor ordered him to be carried in-



THE CAMEL.

The camel is not very pretty, but it is very useful. It can carry men and heavy loads across sandy deserts where no horse could live. The camel's foot is soft, and spreads out on the sand as it walks, but a horse's hard hoof would sink in.

We cannot all be pretty, but we can all do what we can to help our parents and friends.—'Our Little Dots.'

to the air. He was alone, and Harry spoke to him.

'Will you take a seat, sir?' said James; and Harry was pleased to go and sit beside him for a little chat.

'Are you better now?' he asked.

'No, sir; my back has been dreadful, but I am enjoying this lovely sunny day, and thinking how good God is.'

'I have a large garden, tools, books, and all sorts of things, but I get so discontented. I have thought of you and of how happy you are.'

'Well, sir, it must be inside, you know, for poor mother has nothing hardly to give me, and then I am always in pain, and I shall never be better. But one day, long ago, when I went to Sunday-school, I learned about Jesus and His love, and of heaven, where, they told me, we all shall live, if we belong to Jesus. I grew to want to be His disciple, and teacher talked so kindly to me and prayed with me, and then I began to pray for myself and to read the Bible, and I felt sure I loved the Saviour, and ever since then He has seemed so close to me, filling me with such beautiful thoughts, such happy feelings; and now that I cannot go to church or school, Jesus just comes and keeps me from getting weary of my pain, and fills me with joy as He makes me more ready every day to go and live with Him where they have no pain. Yes, it's glorious to be a Christian!'

Harry told me this much of the conversation he had with James, and that he had been asking God to give him a clean heart and a right spirit. Many hours he spent in that cottage home, and while the mother was busy about her work he would sit by James's side, for he began to understand how James could be happy though so ill. Sometimes he carried a book, and sometimes grapes, for he said he could never repay that suffering boy for showing him the way to such happiness.

James soon after went to heaven, thankful to leave his pain behind, and go to be with Jesus in the glories of eternity.

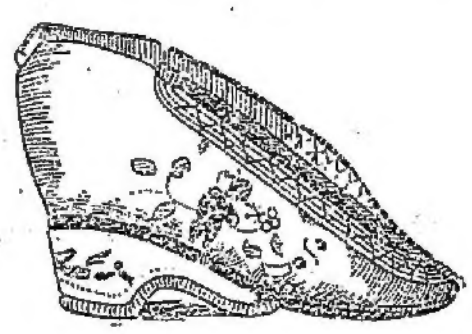
Harry has grown up a devoted Christian, cheerful and glad, and is now trying to lead others to Jesus, so that they may find out the secret of real happiness and joy, and he always thanks me for asking him to go and see that happy suffering boy who taught him where he could alone find gladness of heart.—S. Harvey-Jellie.

Shoe of a Chinese Mandarin's Wife.

HOW CHINESE WOMEN BIND THEIR FEET.

To have beautiful 'golden lilies'—in other words, to have the smallest feet in China—is the height of ambition to a Chinese woman. Our readers have heard from time to time of the terrible cruelty and prevalence of this Chinese custom; but this week we are able to give a practical illustration of the extent to which the hideous custom exists.

It is hard to believe it, but the little shoe shown in our illustration is the exact size of the shoe of the



EXACT SIZE OF THE SHOE OF A CHINESE MANDARIN'S WIFE.

wife of a Chinese mandarin. The artist sketched this illustration with the shoe before him.

It is needless to describe the painful process by which a full-grown woman's foot is reduced to a size which enables it (or rather the crushed and maimed stump which does duty for a foot) to be inserted into a shoe the size of our illustration. The shoe was recently worn by the wife of one of the most famous Chinese mandarins, who was very proud of her 'golden lilies.'

This little shoe measures four inches from the top to the toe, and is open for some inches at the top before the dainty silk-lacing commences.

It is composed of red satin, elaborately embroidered with figures and flowers in various colors, even the tiny heel (which is covered with white silk) being thus adorned. Of course the unfortunate wearer of this kind of shoe is unable to walk without assistance, and can only shuffle about slowly and with difficulty, even when supported by her servants.

'Yet every country has its absurdities of fashion,' a Chinese gentleman once remarked to an English friend; 'if our ladiess queeze their feet, they do not, like your countrywomen, crush in their waists.'—'Sunday Companion.'

The Princess Ironed the Shirt.

A story is told of the Princess Louise's visit to the Bermudas. These islands belong to Great Britain. The islanders determined to give her a reception, and both rich and poor made ready to do her honor.

One day she was sketching, for, like the Queen and the rest of the daughters, she is fond of sketching. She was thirsty, and called at a cottage door for water. The good woman of the house was busy, and refused to go for the water. She, of course, did not know who the Princess was; she was busy ironing; she was ironing a shirt for her husband to wear at the reception of the Queen's daughter, she said, 'Oh, no! she could not leave that to get water for anybody.'

'If you will get me the water,' said the Princess, 'I will finish ironing the shirt while you are gone.'

So the Princess ironed the shirt, while the woman fetched the water. —'Sunday Friend.'

Love One Another.

It was Saturday night, and two children small
Sat on the stairs in the lighted hall,
Vexed and troubled and sore perplexed,
To learn for Sunday the Golden Text;
Only three words on the gilded card;
'"Love," this is easy—it means, why this—'
(A warm embrace and a loving kiss)
'But "one another," I don't see who
Is meant by "another"—now, May, do you?'
Very grandly she raised her head,
Our thoughtful darling, and slowly said,
As she fondly smiled on the little brother:
'Why, I am one, and you are another,
And this is the meaning—don't you see?
That I must love you, and you must love me.'
Wise little preacher! Could any sage
Interpret better the sacred page?
—'Prairie Witness.'

LESSON IX.—MARCH 4.

Jesus Healing in Capernaum.

Mark 1., 21-34. Memory verses 32-34. Read Luke v., 1-11.

Daily Readings.

M. At Capernaum. Mt. 4: 13-16.
T. Call of Four. Lk. 5: 1-11.
W. Day of Power. Lk. 4: 31-44.
T. All Rejoice. Isa. 35: 1-10.
F. Exhortation. Psa. 103: 1-22.
S. Of a Truth. Acts 10: 34-43.

Golden Text.

'And he healed many that were sick.'—Mark 1., 34.

Lesson Text.

And they went into Capernaum; and straightway on the Sabbath day he entered into the synagogue, and taught. (22.) and they were astonished at his doctrine: for he taught them as one that had authority and not as the scribes. (23.) And there was in their synagogue a man with an unclean spirit; and he cried out, (24.) Saying, 'Let us alone; what have we to do with thee, thou Jesus of Nazareth? art thou come to destroy us? I know thee who thou art, the Holy One of God. (25.) And Jesus rebuked him, saying, Hold thy peace, and come out of him. (26.) And when the unclean spirit had torn him, and cried with a loud voice, he came out of him. (27.) And they were all amazed, insomuch that they questioned among themselves, saying, What thing is this? what new doctrine is this? for with authority commandeth he even the unclean spirits, and they do obey him. (28.) And immediately his fame spread abroad throughout all the region round about Galilee. (29.) And forthwith when they were come out of the synagogue, they entered into the house of Simon and Andrew, with James and John. (30.) But Simon's wife's mother lay sick of a fever, and anon they tell him of her. (31.) And he came and took her by the hand, and lifted her up; and immediately the fever left her, and she ministered unto them. (32.) And at even, when the sun did set, they brought unto him all that were diseased, and them that were possessed with devils. (33.) And all the city was gathered together at the door. (34.) And he healed many that were sick of divers diseases, and cast out many devils; and suffered not the devils to speak, because they knew him.

Suggestions.

Not long after the Sabbath at Nazareth about which we learned in our last lesson, Jesus and his disciples went to Capernaum and there Jesus was asked to speak on the Sabbaths in the synagogue. As he taught, the people were filled with surprise at his wisdom and graciousness and at his power in revealing to them the meaning of God's word. He spoke with the authority of understanding, and interpreted the law by his own life.

A man possessed by an unclean spirit or demon, came to the synagogue, and when he saw the Saviour he at once cried out in fear and rage. The demon recognized Jesus as the Son of God and knew that he would not allow it to retain possession of the man. So Jesus rebuked the demon and commanded it instantly to depart. So the evil spirit came out, leaving the man exhausted and worn, but cleansed and free. We may pity this poor man under the dominion of the unclean spirit and rejoice that the power of Jesus was great enough to break this awful bond. There are souls to-day in bondage to spirits of uncleanness, demons of intemperance, impurity, theft and evil speaking. The power of Jesus can break every bond. But how do people come to be possessed by such spirits? Well, there is first the suggestion of evil, then the thought—if the thought is once allowed into the mind it soon takes possession. And if the thoughts of the mind are impure the heart becomes so unclean that God can not dwell there, only the pure in heart shall see God. But, it will be asked, how can we keep evil thoughts out of our hearts? Sometimes we can not help hearing evil language, how can we help remembering it? It is not a sin to hear or see evil if we can not help it, but it is a sin to take delight in it and to let our thoughts dwell upon it. Any evil or unclean thought which comes to us should be at once put away with a prayer to God to cleanse us and to keep our hearts clean that he may dwell with us. You can not cleanse a half-full ink bottle by washing its mouth, you must first empty out all the inky fluid before you can thoroughly cleanse the bottle, so the heart must be thoroughly cleansed (Matt. xv., 18-20.) before the life can be right.

After freeing the man from the unclean spirit, Jesus and his disciples went to the house of Simon Peter and finding that Peter's mother-in-law was very ill with a fever, our Lord touched her hand and healed her. The fever left her and she was entirely healed at once, and rising, took her place in the household ministries. Then the people from far and near gathered around the door, bringing their sick and afflicted ones, and Jesus healed them all, and cleansed those who had been possessed with evil spirits.

Illustration.

When a man declares to me, 'I cannot believe in miracles,' I reply, 'I can, because I have witnessed them.' 'When and where?' 'On a certain street in this city is a man who was a week ago given over to every form of vice and brutality, and who is now a good citizen, an honest workman, a kind husband, a loving father, a pure, upright man. Surely, that is such a miracle as makes me forever believe in the possibility of miracles.'—Professor Drummond.

Lesson Hymn.

At even, when the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around thee lay;
Oh, in what divers pains they met,
Oh, with what joy they went away.

Once more 'tis eventide, and we
Oppressed with various ills, draw near:
What if Thy form we cannot see—
We know and feel that Thou art here.

O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel,
For some are sick and some are sad;
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had.

O Saviour Christ, Thou too art man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried:
Thy kind, but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide.

Thy touch has still its ancient power,
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;
Hear in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

—Henry Twells, 1868.

C. E. Topic.

March. 4. How God pays men. Matt. 19: 30; 20: 1-16.

Junior C. E Topic.

GOD REWARDING US.

Mon., Feb. 26. With all good. James 1: 17.
Tues., Feb. 27. Promptly. Mal. 3: 10.
Wed., Feb. 28. Freely. Matt. 10: 8 (last chance.)
Thu., Mar. 1. In this life. Matt 10: 29.
Fri., Mar. 2. Opens new doors of opportunity. Luke 19: 17.
Sat., Mar. 3. Gives heavenly prizes. 1 Cor. 9: 25.
Sun., Mar. 4. Topic—How does God reward work done for Him? Matt. 20: 1-16.

In some places our Sunday-schools fail utterly in keeping the larger boys and girls. This should occasion earnest search for the cause or causes. In some instances the teachers lack the necessary ability to interest their larger scholars, and so they lose their hold upon them. Parents should co-operate with the superintendent in overcoming this difficulty. Lost to the Sunday-school generally means lost to the Church, and, what is still worse, lost to Christ.

Alcohol Catechism.

(By Dr. R. H. McDonald, of San Francisco.)

CHAPTER VI.—ADULTERATED LIQUORS —CONTINUED.

1. Q.—How are these adulterated drinks made to look like the pure ones?
A.—Poisonous dyes are used to give them a correct color.
2. Q.—Name some of these dyes.
A.—Logwood shavings for yellow, Brazil wood for red, and many others.
3. Q.—Do liquors made from drugs appear to have full strength?
A.—Yes, because raw alcohol is employed in making the stronger liquors, and for wines they use cider, and sometimes rum or whiskey, mixed with water.
4. Q.—How are they made to taste like real distilled or fermented liquors?
A.—Prunes, elderberries, orris root, and oils of bergamot, caraway, etc., are used to give what is supposed to be a grape flavor.
5. Q.—Are adulterated liquors common?
A.—Yes, more than three-quarters of all the liquor that is sold is adulterated.
6. Q.—Is it easy to obtain pure liquors?
A.—It is not. It is very difficult, particularly with the best kinds.
7. Q.—What proportion of liquors is probably adulterated?
A.—Probably nine-tenths of all the supposed rare wines, brandies, bottled ales, whiskies, and the like, sold in the United States are more or less adulterated, and have no right to be called pure liquors.
8. Q.—Can adulterated drinks be easily distinguished from the purely alcoholic?
A.—Only a few people can tell the difference.
9. Q.—Are not these adulterated alcoholic drinks very hurtful to use?
A.—Yes, far more so than the ones that contain no poison but alcohol.
10. Q.—What, then, is the only sure way of avoiding adulterated liquors?
A.—To let all alcoholic liquors alone.
11. Q.—Is not the alcohol in them also a sufficient reason for letting them alone?
A.—Yes, alcohol itself is a poison, and all drinks, whether adulterated or not, injure those who use them, and cause men to become drunkards.
12. Q.—What is the final result of using any kind of intoxicating liquors?
A.—It ruins both the body and the soul. Read Galatians, 6th Chapter, 7th and 8th verses.
13. Q.—How do intoxicating drinks ruin the body.
A.—Alcohol injures the stomach, the blood, the brain and nerves, the lungs, the liver, the kidneys, the heart, and every part of the body.
14. Q.—What does alcohol produce?
A.—Dangerous and fatal diseases.

Don't Believe It.

There is no harm in seeking to find out the truth of what we are told; the child who reads to learn, and seeks to find out the truth, is acting rightly, and will get good by so doing.

Now, there are three reasons given for the drinking of intoxicating drinks, about which I want you to be very doubtful.

I. Don't believe that intoxicating drinks will make you strong.

The strongest animals in the world do not need intoxicating drinks; the lion, the tiger, and the elephant are all teetotallers.

There are millions of people in the world who live long lives and do much hard work without the use of intoxicating drinks.

The chemist cannot find any food substances in intoxicating drinks such as he can in milk upon which the body can grow.

II. Don't believe that intoxicating drinks can make the body warm.

The body is kept warm by the burning of carbon in the body, this carbon being burnt up by the oxygen of the air.

Fatty foods contain much of this carbon;

when they are burnt in the body they give great warmth.

No intoxicating drink contains the smallest quantity of fat.

Alcohol sends the blood into the skin, and so lets the heat out of the body.

Alcohol prevents the oxygen doing its duty, thus the carbon in the blood is not burnt up in the way it should be.

III. Don't believe that intoxicating drinks will help to digest food.

All food must become soft and liquid like gruel before it can become blood, and so cause the body to grow, and be fit to do its work.

Alcohol softens those substances which are not fit for food, such as gum.

Alcohol hardens those substances which are fit for food; bread, fruit, meat sugar, all become harder when placed in alcohol.

There is no alcohol in any of the foods God sends us, but there is plenty of water There is no alcohol in any of the liquids which soften the food of the body. The saliva in the mouth, the gastric juice in the stomach, the bile coming from the liver, and the other digestive liquids are nearly all water.

On these three points you may exercise your disbelief. Don't believe that alcohol will make you strong, that it can give you warmth, or that it can help to digest your food. —'The Adviser.'

Have You Money to Burn?

(By E. B. Nitchie, in 'Christian Work.')

What a foolish question to ask! Of course you haven't,—nobody has, not even the millionnaire. Just suppose you should see a man take a roll of bills—a hundred dollars' worth, let's say—and one by one throw them into a grate fire and watch them shrivel up and away. What a fool he is! you would say, and no one would contradict you. And yet how many men are fools enough to burn up hundreds of dollars every year—in tobacco! Oh, but that's different, you say. Yes, it is different, but only in being even a more crazy and foolish thing than the other. Whether the money itself or the tobacco bought by the money is burned, makes no difference. The difference lies just here: If it is the bills that go up in smoke, therein is the whole loss; if it is the tobacco, the body which God has given you as a holy trust is maltreated and harmed. If it is a foolish thing to burn up money, how much more foolish is it to burn it up and hurt yourself besides!

No, boys, you can't afford it. You can't afford to waste your money, injure your body, and dull your brain. That isn't a manly thing, or noble. Stop it—stop it where you are. You are young yet; your body can recover from the ill effects. If you have never touched the weed but are tempted to—don't. Ask yourself this question: Have I the money to burn to smoke my brain away? Have you?

For the Boys.

If a boy wishes to be shunned by the more sensible, the better class of girls, let him commence smoking cigarettes, then the common cigar, eventually sinking so low in the scale of humanity that only a filthy pipe will satisfy his morbid craving for the 'vile weed,' his whole nature saturated with the poison nicotine, every breath throwing off a stench worse than that of the skunk, and he will soon find that his presence is not sought by those who are uniformly made sick, ready to vomit, if he approaches them. Will an intelligent and worthy girl wish to wed such an overflowing fountain of filth and sickening stench? (When such girls form a society, with their motto, 'no drunken husbands, no tobacco saturated associates' young men may take the hint, improving their habits.) — Dr. T. H. Hanaford.

Round Shoulders.

You boys who bend so low over the handle bars of your wheel, stop it! If you are inclining to a bowed back try this—suspend two ropes with ring handles from a doorway, and swing by the arms three minutes at a time three times a day. This will cure round shoulders within three months.—'Christian Work.'

I'm Thinking.

(Poem written by a young man in Kingston Penitentiary.)

I'm thinking of the day, mother,
When at your tender side
You watched the dawning of my youth,
And kissed me in your pride;
Then brightly was my heart lit up
With hopes of future joy,
With garlands your bright fancies wove
To deck your darling boy.

I'm thinking of the day, mother,
When, oh, with anxious care
You lifted up your heart to heaven;
Your hope, your trust, was there.
Fond memory brings your parting words
While tears rolled down your cheeks;
That long, last loving look, told more
Than loving tongue could speak.

I'm far away from you, mother,
No friend is near me now,
To soothe me with a tender word,
Or cool my burning brow.
The dearest ties affection wove
And now all torn from me,
They left me when my trouble came
They did not love like thee.

I'm lonely and forsaken now,
Unpitied and unblest;
Yet still I would not have thee know
How sorely I'm distressed.
I know you would not chide, mother,
You would not give me blame,
But soothe me with your tender words
And bid me hope again.

I would not have thee know, mother,
How brightest hopes decay;
The tempter with his baneful cup
Has dashed them all away,
And shame has left his demon sting
To rack with anguish wild;
Yet still I would not have thee know
The sorrows of thy child.

Can that one long bitter wail of heart-broken anguish, be put in the balance with dollars and cents, surely not. Is there a home in this land that has not been desolated. Drink, drink, it is the echo of every prison wall, the blight of almost every ruined life. It has torn from the arms of the widowed mother the last human stay that was left her.

E. B. L.

Correspondence

Dear Editor,—I belong to the Juvenile Temple. I hae a black dog. His name is Carlo. I have a pair of skates. I like to skate. Last winter the ice got covered up with snow, and I had to shovel a road to skate on. Papa takes the 'Witness' and I like to read the Boys' Page and the Children's Corner. I think the 'Messenger' is a very good paper. I will write and tell you what presents I got at Christmas.

FRANK C. A. (aged 9.)

Westford.

Dear Editor,—I go to the English church Sunday-school. We get a very nice paper. The name of it is the 'Sabbath Reading. I would rather have the 'Northern Messenger' for I like reading the Correspondence. I was away for three weeks in the holidays and I had a very nice time. I have three brothers, but no sisters. I live on a farm, and I have a pet cat and dog.

MARY W. (aged 13.)

Brantford, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My brother and I are visiting our aunt in the country, and we are having a nice time. My brother is in the third reader and I am in the second. At night we have great fun reading the Correspondence in the 'Messenger,' and Auntie takes it and likes it to.

J. F. S. (aged 8.)

Brome.

Dear Editor,—My sister gave me the 'Messenger' for a birthday present. I like to read the children's letters. I have two brothers and two sisters.

EDWIN K. (aged 8.)

Braemar, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have a dog named Rock. I have four sisters and four brothers. I take music lessons and the teacher comes every Friday. I live eight miles from Woodstock, which is a beautiful place. They are building a new post office and a new custom house.

MYRTLE (aged 9.)

Hamilton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I reside in Hamilton, and think it is a very pretty place with its mountain and bay. I attend the Ryerson school, and like my teacher very much, and I like to go to school. I have never been late or absent since I started. I had a very nice dog, and his name was Colonel, but some person poisoned him, and I was very sorry when he died, for he could sing, or speak for a piece of meat, and do many other tricks. He would bring all the letters from the letter-box.

ROSA E. L. (aged 11.)

St. John, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I have only seen one little girl who has the same name as mine, and she was Martha L. W. I think that the letter which Victoria Buchanan wrote to you was very nice. We go to the same Sunday-school. I am the only child, as my little brother died on the 30th of July. I have been taking music and theory for four years and received a certificate in June, at the Institute for passing the third grade. Mother says there are some very nice recipes in the 'Messenger,' and she is making a scrapbook out of them.

MARTHA C. R.

Manitoba.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm three miles south of Souris river. We take the 'Northern Messenger.' I like reading the Correspondence and the big print. I go to school, and have two and a half miles to walk. Our teacher's name is Mr. Anderson. I have four brothers and four sisters, and one little sister in heaven. My father and mother were the first settlers in this part of Manitoba.

ANNIE ISABELLA B. (aged 12.)

New Germany, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm. I have two brothers and five sisters. My oldest brother's name is Arthur, and he is in Annapolis Co. ANNIE S. (aged 8.)

Parry Sound, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We take the 'Messenger,' and enjoy reading it. I live on a farm near the town of Parry Sound. The town is a beautiful place, situated in a valley. The country and the surrounding districts are very rocky and hilly. Copper and gold and other minerals are found in the rocks. All through the country mines are opened up. The country is very beautiful in summer time with its flowers and fruit. Thousands of tourists from different parts of the world come here and spend their vacation. I have no brother, my brother got drowned three years ago in a river. I feel lonely since he is gone. I go to school with my four sisters. I have to walk a mile to school. I attend the Sabbath-school regularly and enjoy my lessons. I have a nice Sabbath-school teacher. His name is Mr. Haight. He explains to us the bible so plainly.

MANLY W. (aged 8.)

Richmond, Que.

Dear Editor,—I have a mile and three quarters to walk to school. My teacher's name is Miss Fraser: I like her very well. I have four sisters and two brothers. I started to take the 'Messenger' the first of last year, and I like reading it very much especially the Correspondence.

CYNTHIA H. (aged 9.)

Beachville.

Dear Editor,—I was eleven years old the 11th of May. I have three brothers and three sisters. My eldest sister lives in Manitoba, my eldest brother went out on the harvest excursion. We have many friends out there. Pa and Ma lived there about twelve years ago. We have been taking the 'Northern Messenger' and I enjoy reading it very much. I go to Sunday-school and I like it. Our teacher is Miss McInnes. My papa is a farmer.

AGGIE E.

HOUSEHOLD.

Sterilized Milk.

Sterilized milk in families where there are young children, has become about as necessary as wholesome bread and meat for grown folks. It does not require any particular skill or any elaborate appliance to put milk in a condition that will make it incapable of injuring the little one. The 'American Agriculturist' says: A simple way of sterilizing milk in small quantities for young children was recently described by the United States Department of Agriculture. The apparatus consists of an ordinary tin bucket in which is placed an inverted pie pan with perforated bottom. This bucket is partially filled with water. Vessels containing the milk are placed in this water, resting on the inverted pie pan. These may be glass bottles or small fruit jars, the mouths of which are closed with clean cotton. A thermometer is inserted in the water through the lid of the bucket. Sufficient water must be used to reach a little above the milk in the bottles, but no higher. When the apparatus is ready, heat it on a stove or range until a temperature of 155 degrees Fahrenheit is reached. Then remove from the stove and keep tightly covered for one-half hour. At the end of this time the bottles are removed from the water, and kept in a cold place. The milk can be used at any time. A hole must be punched in the covering of the bucket to allow the steam to escape. An ordinary dairy thermometer will answer for determining the temperature. Do not heat higher than 155 degrees, or the milk will be injured.—'Presbyterian Banner.'

Truthfulness in Children

Many falsehoods of children are the products of fear. Tact and patience in dealing with their faults would save nearly all occasions for this class of untruths. The dread of severe punishment makes many a timid child deny with the hope of covering up some accident or piece of mischief.

In passing I would say that no punishment should ever be administered for an accident unless the accident is a result of mischief or of forbidden conduct. Then the child should be made to understand that the punishment is not for the broken china or the ruined garments, but for the conduct that brought about these unfortunate results.

Your little daughter, in trying to help you, has broken a choice piece of china. Perhaps you have not only scolded her, but slapped her. Some other day she is dusting the parlor and breaks a vase. Her nerves are shaken by the accident just as your own would be. Then she remembers the broken dish and the persecution that followed it. For undeserved punishment is persecution.

Now she is in trouble. No one saw her do it. In her fright and agitation she is tempted to leave the vase lie and say the baby was in the room and must have done it. If when a child, in trying to be helpful, drops a glass or falls with his basket of eggs, it can do no good to fly to pieces. Better remember that no dish or basket of eggs can make it worth while to hurt the child's feelings and let your own temper loose.

It will do much more good to sympathize with the child, and show your appreciation of the work he was trying to do, and your regret for the accident, but no reproach. With such treatment the little one would scarcely think of denying his actions.—Caudace Smith, in 'Christian Oracle.'

Sunshine.

If the kitchen windows are sunny, fastening the shade-rollers to position a few inches below the lower edge of the window casing across the top allows the hot air and odors from cooking to escape by lowering the top sash, while at the same time the shade can be drawn down so as to shut out the sunshine. In no other room or way have I any encouragement for shutting the fullest daylight out of the rooms in constant use, except in the middle of oppressive summer days. Certainly not in those occupied by delicate persons and little children. Sunshine is a wonderful tonic as well as an invariable disinfectant and purifier. The best cure and preventive of nervous depression, the great menace to the lives of country as well as city housewives, is warm, glowing sunshine. Do not shut it out of a single room by any fixed arrangement of draperies; for fear of fading carpets and upholstery, or from habit, however deep-rooted and grounded. 'It is never too late to mend.' Turn a square corner, and for the greater part of every day coax the sunshine to enter and penetrate to the furthest corner of every room.—N. Y. 'Observer.'

House Cleaning Hints.

No matter how neat the housekeeper is, nor how well she looks after every part of the house, a thorough cleaning is necessary every spring and fall, and she will do well to learn the best and easiest method of doing the work. System, method and planning will help one wonderfully. We are often advised to clean only one room at a time, and this plan is a very good one when there is no painting or paper hanging to be done; but if a man is hired for such work, that plan is scarcely practicable.

The attic closets, cupboards, trunks and drawers may be put in order before the general work begins. If there are any small holes in the plastering of the closets, mix a little plaster of Paris with enough water to make a stiff dough and press it into the cracks with a putty-knife. Mix just what you will use at one time, for it hardens in a little time and is then useless. All winter clothing can be stowed away in boxes or bags for the summer. Wash the floors and woodwork with a strong solution of borax and water to remove any moth eggs that have been deposited there, and make the air of the closet pure and wholesome. This preparatory work can be done whenever you have a few leisure hours, and will be a great help to you when you begin the hard work.

Every bed should be taken down, the slats and all inner portions thoroughly dusted and washed. If you have been troubled with bedbugs heretofore, mix one-half pint of alcohol, one-half pint of turpentine, and one ounce of corrosive sublimate, and, when the latter has dissolved, pour a little of the mixture in a machine oil can and apply it to the parts where the bugs are usually found. The corrosive sublimate is a deadly poison, and one must be careful that it is kept where children cannot reach it. Strong alum water is also recommended for bedbugs, and is much safer to have about.

Never use straw under carpets. The dirt sifts through it and cannot be swept out, so accumulates from week to week. If papers are used a great deal of dirt is removed in the daily sweeping. When the carpet and papers are taken up sprinkle the floor with moist earth, and you can sweep it without raising much dust.

The best use for matting that is almost worn out is to put it under a carpet.

Clean the leather seats of chairs with a sponge dipped in the white of an egg. The appearance of old furniture is wonderfully improved by cleaning the woodwork with hot suds, sandpaper the rough places, and apply a coat of good varnish. Clean gilded picture frames by applying alcohol with a small camel's hair brush or rub with a sponge wrung from alcohol.—New York 'Weekly.'

Selected Recipes.

Beef Stew.—The term stew has a wide range, reaching from the savory concoction of the French cooks, to the greasy, dubious compound served under that appellation at second-rate boarding houses. Now a stew if properly made, is both palatable and nutritious, requiring, to make it well, a little extra care, but so does everything that is worth doing, and it is far better to be a good plain cook, than to make more elaborate dishes indifferently. So much by way of preface to stew-making.

For a beef stew, choose a piece from the boulder or the round, and cut into cubes about an inch square. Put these into a pot without any water, and stir about till the meat is well seared, the object being to harden the exterior of it, so that during the subsequent boiling, the juices will not escape. Now add sufficient boiling water to cover, an onion cut up, and a small carrot cut into dice. Stew gently for two hours, or until the meat is cooked enough to allow a fork to penetrate it easily, having added when half done, salt. Before taking from the fire, throw in a little chopped parsley, and thicken with flour. To the majority of tastes, the stew is greatly improved by the addition of curry, which is best done by mixing it with the flour, before adding the water for thickening. No exact rule as to the amount to use can be given, but the housewife must be guided by the preference of her family, according as they like a more or less pronounced taste of curry. Another improvement to the stew which is recommended, is to quarter potatoes, and lay them in to cook with the meat about twenty minutes before it is done. Try this stew, and see if the children will not enjoy it especially if permitted a liberal allowance of gravy.—New York 'Observer.'

THE BEST WHITE SAUCE.

A perfect white sauce is made as follows: Take an ounce and a half of butter and a scant tablespoonful of flour, mix both with a spoon into a paste; when smooth add half a pint of warm milk, a small teaspoonful of salt and a little white pepper; set it on the fire till it boils, and is thick enough to mark the back of the spoon transparently; then add a squeeze of lemon juice and another ounce and a half of fresh butter; stir this till quite blended. This sauce is the foundation for many others, and, for some purposes, the beaten yolk of an egg is introduced, when just off the boil. Capers may be added to it, or chopped mushrooms, or chopped celery, or oysters. The object of adding the second butter is because boiling takes away the flavor of butter; by stirring half of it in, without boiling, you retain it.

A NEW TOAST.

Bring a quart of milk to the boiling point, and add two eggs well beaten. Boil one minute, then salt to taste, and pour over six slices of buttered toast. Put in the oven until the custard is set.

FACTS ABOUT MACARONI.

Macaroni is accepted as the name of only one form of comestible which in Italy assumes countless agreeable shapes and which, although all made from the same material, i.e., 'hard wheat,' with very slight modifications—are very different in taste, and if cooked in the proper manner will produce many very good dishes, which only require to be known to be appreciated. Washing macaroni is unnecessary, putting it to cook in cold water is a blunder, soaking it is a crime.

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